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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

A GRAY SUNSET

She sits to watch the evening sun,
Her gnarled hands folded on her knees.
Upon her hair the river breeze
Lays light cool palm. Her work is done.
She rests as one who fears to rest.
With chin upthrust she seems to wait
A summons—some dread footstep at the gate—
Her breath scarce lifts her lean bent breast.

Her wayward sons are all afar;
Her daughters drudge for tired men.
Her husband's grave lies up the glen,
And she, the sport of some grim star,
Sits there alone with dim dull eyes.
Of what she dreams I cannot tell.
Her pains have fitted her for hell—
Her deeds should lift her to the skies.

It seems God cursed her at the start;
She was foredoomed to toil and pain.
She has no higher prize to gain
Than rest, and endless quietude of heart.
Hunger, and solitude, the agony of birth,
The numbing dulness of the daily task
She has not shunned; she does not ask
Her God to free her from the earth.